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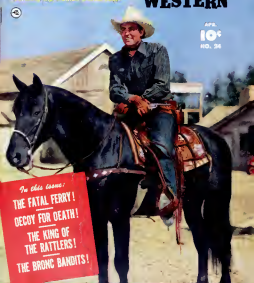
WESTERN



Price

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NO. 34



In this issue:
THE FATAL FERRY!
DECOY FOR DEATH!
**THE KING OF
THE RATTLES!**
THE BRONC BANDITS!

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified
on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

CAPT MARVEL ADVENTURES • LONE STAR WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FURRY ANIMALS
WOOD CHIMNEY • WESTERN HOME • ROCKY LAKE WESTERN • WHERE THE BUCKS ARE • SHEET METAL WESTERN
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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment

W. A. Fawcett, Jr. President

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR



Rocky Lane

in
**THE FATAL
FERRY!**

**CALL FOR AID
A SHOCKING REVEAL AND
A CLASH OF GUNBOATS
CONSPIRE TO MAKE
DEATH THE FINAL PERFORM-
ANCE AS ROCKY LAKE
SCORCHES THE ...
FATAL FERRY!**



**SECRET MARSHAL ROCKY LAKE
RACED THROUGH THE NIGHT...**

WASP THOSE LOOSE
FOLKS BLACK JACK,
THE MESSAGE TO
HEADQUARTERS SAID
WAS: TIME,
PRONTO!



**Rocky's THOUGHTS RETURN TO THE
MARSHAL'S HEADQUARTERS A FEW
HOURS BEFORE...**

Rocky, get your
gear! THE MESSAGE
JUST REACHED! ITS
FROM GROUPS AND
ONE OF THOSE
LITTLE TOWNS
WITHOUT A
REGULAR SHERIFF!

I KNOW THE
PLACE, CORP...
AT THE EDGE
OF BIGG
COUNTRY!





ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN







GET THAT
HERRY OVER
HERRY,
FRONTO!
JED!

I'VE GOT TO
BRING THE
HERRY OVER TO
THEM! IF NO ONE
SEES IT, THEY'LL
SHOOT! AND WE
DON'T NEED NO
THEM ALL!



YOU WANT HAVE
A BAWL ALONG
AND A BAD
WEATHER HAT,
GUL! LET ME
SHOW IT TO
GUL!

RIGHT!
HERE
YOU GO,
HERRAL!



ALL RIGHT, HERRY...
HERRY UP!

THEY THINK IN THE
HERRY! NOW IF I CAN
GET HERRY THEM
THINKING THAT I'LL
FOUR UP SOME
HERRY TO HERRY
THEM ALL!



I'LL KEEP MY HAT
POURD LOW AND MY
POUNDER COOPERED!
IT'S HERRY DUCK,
ON THE RIVER!
THEY WON'T BEAR
OF SPOT I'M NOT
JED!



ALL RIGHT, BOYS... GET ABOARD, FRONTO! THERE'S IT--!
NOW, BEING OFF, JED!



SEARCH YOUR LEGS FOR A
HERRY, BOYS! WE GOT A HERRY
OF BEING TO DO WHEN WE GET
TO THE OTHER SIDE!

GOOD IDEA, BOYS! THERE'S
SOME OF HERRY ARE
PLenty READY--GOT THAT
IN COMPLIMENT--BURN! BURN!
HERRY!



THE DUCKIES
IN PLACE! SEE
--GUL! THEY'LL
BE A LONG
TIME FOLLOW-
ING US!









HELPFUL HANNAH and HARRIET





REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane



and The BRONC BANDITS



**Lawless vanish without trace
and with the law itself help-
less and powerless to act, the
daring Secret Marshal, Rocky
Lane, rides resolutely into the
breach for a slim-bag, gun-
spitting showdown with
THE BRONC BANDITS!**

ROCKY LANE IS IN THE OFFICE OF
THE CHIEF MARSHAL, RECEIVING
GREAT GOODIES!

— THAT'S ALL THE INFORMATION
I CAN GIVE YOU ON THESE HORSE
BURGLARS; YOU'VE TO STAY ON
THEIR TRAIL TILL YOU ROUND
THEM UP!

THEY MUST BE
SHINY-BLACK HANGARONS,
CREEP, TO MAKE THE LAW
PLUM STEAMED!



THEY SURE ARE, ROCKY!
HERE'S A LIST OF PLACES
THEY'VE STRUCK AT; THEY
LEAVE NO CLUES AND NEVER
STAY IN THE SAME COUNTY
TWICE; THE SHERIFFS ONLY
KNOW COUNTY LINES
WHICH ARE THE LAW
BOARDS!



IT'S A SHERIFF TOWN ASSIGNMENT,
ROCKY, BUT IF ANYONE CAN
CATCH IT —
YOU CAN!

WELL / THE LAST
SHINY-BLACK HANGARONS
HAVE STRUCK ALONG A
DEFINITE TRAIL —
WHICH IS MY
FIRST CLUE!















ROPING 'N' RIDING
With

ALLAN "Rocky" LANE
AND BLACK JACK

4024 NORTH RADIOPHORE
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

HOWDY, PAPA,

THANKS FOR THE NICE LETTERS FROM ALL YOU SWELL PAPA. THINGS HAVE BEEN REALLY MOVING OUT THIS WEEK, BUT LAST WEEK BLACK JACK AND I STOPPED OUT TO A SPARE ON THE SACRAMENTO TO SPEND A QUARTER WITH AN OLD PAPA ON COWS WE GOT THERE IN TIME TO GET SOMETHING MOVEMENT FIFTY WOULD I HAD TO PASS ON TO YOU.

AS WE GOT THERE, A CROWD OF WARRIORS WERE BACKED AGAINST A BAR, LINE WAS LONG FOR ROPING RECOGNITION FROM ONE TRUCK TO THE OTHER, WE WERE A COUPLE LOCATIONS WEST (SEE A BIG, RARE) HORSE OUT OF THE WAY SAVING THE ROPING TRUCK IN THE BURNING CORRAL. HE WAS TAKING THE BACKHOPES TO SOME TRACK AND WAS STOPPED OFF TO WATER THE CRITTER AND WASH THE CRACKS OUT OF HIS LEGS BEFORE MOVING ON. "I SURE YOU FOLLOWERS DON'T SEE LAST WEEKS LINE THIS" HE SAID. "SOME OPERATIONS BETWEEN A RARE THOROUGHBREDS AND THOSE BUT-TAILED CRACKS IN THAT CORRAL, BUT SO, HE IT."

WHEN I THERE'S ONE THAT THEY SAID A COMPANY WERE TALKING ANYONE ELSE. IT'S MOVING SOME SLOWLY (CRACKS) ABOUT AS BEING WHICH IS WE PAPA ONE MORE WARRIOR FROM OF POWER AND I COULD TELL. BY WE SLOW WAY ON TALKING THAT HE WAS PLANNING ON THE ROAD "THE CRITTER WAS BEING RARE" WARRIOR SAW ONE OF ITS OWN KIND, BUT DON'T WORRY IT AS A RARE, TALKING ANY MORE IN THAT CORRAL. HE SAID THE CRITTER ABOUT "SOME" IT'S BEING REJECTED TO PAPA IT "THEY GOT THE CRACKS CRACK PLUNGING DOWN" "WELL THE CRACKS" HE CLIMBED, CRACKING "A QUARTER WARRIOR" "WELL THE CRACKS, WITHOUT SAYING HE ITS, HE HE TALKED A BARREL ON THE WARRIOR" BEING.

WELL, PAPA, YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN WITH ME TO SEE THAT RARE THAT BEING IN OUT AS IF HE WAS ON THE RARE LEFT THE TRAIL RUNNING. BY THE WAY, WITH THE BACKHOPES BEING, BUT AT EVERY DALLON THAT CRACKS BEING GOT HIS CRITTER BACK INTO THE BAR AND PAPA OUT PAPA, WHILE WE TALKING TELL COR DOES HURT THAT CRACKS BEING DON'T KNOW THAT THE CRITTER IS A NATURAL BORN BURNING HORSE AND THAT NO OTHER PAIR OF HORSE CAN COME HERE BEING HOW AT THAT INSTANT. BEING CONFIDENT IS ONE THING, I RECOGN, BUT BEING CRACK IS SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN, ESPECIALLY WHEN BEING NOT SURE OF WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. SO GO A LITTLE SLOW ON THE THROUGH, PAPA, UNLESS YOU'RE PLANNING SOME OF THINGS, IT CAN BE A REAL OF DIFFERENCE.

CRACK BLACK JACK AND AM A LETTER FIRST (WHICH YOU GOT BECAUSE WE'LL BE TALKING FOR IT) SURELY, TELL WE HAD YOUR WAY AGAIN - BE GOOD TO EACH OTHER.

YOUR PAPA,

Allan "Rocky" Lane

AND

BLACK JACK U





FAST EATERS!





NESTER'S REVENGE

By Walter Farmer



IT WAS eight, but the glowing fire lit up the features of Seth McGuire. They showed his weather-beaten face, his iron-gray hair, his firm jaw. As he prepared his supper of beans, bacon and coffee, Seth muttered to himself, "I won't quit! I won't quit!"

Behind Seth were the charred, burnt-out remains of his cabin, his home. A little earlier he had ridden back from town to find the cabin a smoldering ruin. He had not left a fire in the place, there had been no lightning! Seth knew who had set fire to his home, but he had no way of proving anything. That was the trouble; there was a law against harming a man's home, but you had to have proof. It had been the same when his horse burned, when his fences had been cut. He was sure he knew who did it, but he had no legal proof. And he was a lone man, fighting against terrible odds.

Seth heard a bubbling noise and leaned over to reach for the smoke-stained coffee pot. That's no doubt what saved his life, just as he leaned, the rifle cracked and a slug cut a path through Seth's gray hair. He fell over backwards, but he was not dead.

Seth woke up in the spare room of Doc Whitehead's frame house in Crooktail City. When he tried to sit up in bed, Doc gently restrained him. "Take it easy, Seth. I patched up your head, but I don't guarantee it'll stay in one piece if you juggle it."

The patient took the advice, lying back gratefully, closing his eyes. "How'd I get here, Doc?" he asked.

"Couple of riders found you lying beside your dying fire. They got to you just ahead of the wolves. Who do you reckon is gunning for you Seth?"

"The gent didn't leave a calling card."

"But you could make a good guess!"

"A guess wouldn't do any good in court."

"Reckon that's true," said the Doctor. "Well, Seth, I won't fret you with talk. Just rest easy and be thankful whoever took that shot at you didn't aim an inch lower. Rest easy."

"I can't spend my time lying here," declared Seth. "There's lots of work to be out at the

place—sowing, plowing, fencing—not even counting that I have to build a new cabin for myself."

"I'm afraid you won't be able to do any work like that for a long, long time," declared the Doctor, gravely.

Seth sat up abruptly. The sudden movement made him wince. "Doc?" he tried. "Doc! You look all blurred and hazy. Say, I'm not going blind, are I?"

The doctor was suddenly aware of a long shadow falling across the injured man. He whirled to face a tall, broadened youth who stood, stately in hand, looking down. "Will he, Doc?" asked the stranger, softly. "Will he be killed?"

"No," snapped the doctor. "No, he won't, not if he takes it easy and does what I tell him. But just who are you, anyway, stranger? And why are you hanging in here? Did you shoot him?"

The stranger said, softly as before, "No, I didn't shoot him. I'm called Farmer Jones and I just blew into town. They were saying in the city that a nester had been shot and I . . . well . . . I just came to see, that's all."

Seth opened his eyes again. He could make out the blurred figure of the doctor and the stranger. "I can hear all right, even if I can't see so well," asserted Seth. "Doc, you mean well, but I can't just lie around on my back. There's plowing, sowing, fencing, building and all to be done. I've got to take care of my farm or I'll lose everything I've worked and fought for all these years."

"You can't," said the Doctor.

"But I've got to!" stubbornly responded Seth.

"Wait a minute," put in the stranger. "As I said, my handle is Farmer Jones. But I reckon they might as well call me Nester Jones, seeing as how the names mean the same in these parts. And I figure we cowboys should stick together or there won't be any of us left. If you've got no objections, Seth McGuire, I'll go out and work your place while you're laid up."

"I ain't afford a hired man!" said white-haired Beth, stubbornly.

"Shucks, I don't aim to get paid," responded the stranger. "I figure you might do the same for me some time. What do you say, pop?"

The doctor spoke quickly. "It's a deal!" he said. "I speak for my patient! And, now, Beth, you try to get some sleep while I show this strong young man how to get out to your place!"

The doctor entered the stranger's low wooden room, then, after closing the door, began talking softly and seriously, keeping his voice down: "Listen. That's a nice offer you made. I don't know what your game is, but I'm going to assume you're on the level. And I'll owe Beth's mind to think somebody is working and planning at his place. But the plain fact is, you might as well clear out. Nobody else sees that farm."

"Why?"

"This is mostly second-hand," said the doctor. "I've been here only a couple of years myself. But it seems like Beth McGuire owned here quite a few years ago. He got his land, legal-like and he got along peacefully with his next-door neighbor, Big Bill Blings, who owned the Monarch ranch. Then Big Bill died and the ranch fell into the hands of his son-in-law, Wandy Nann. Wandy doesn't like neither. Period!"

"Has Beth McGuire been fighting a while ranch alone?"

"Yes, and a losing battle," said the doctor. "I've told that he has a son, but the kid took off for parts unknown some years back. And he'd be damned if he'd be a cadabout; and he was going to be a gunslinging scoundrel."

"Kids get funny ideas sometimes," mused the stranger. "I reckon that boy could be a heap of help to Beth right now."

"Maybe so," responded the doctor, "but I reckon Beth would disown him. He's a real born old root! Anyway, you'd better take my advice. Farmer Jones, and high one, believe Wandy Nann and his boys put some bullets in you. They don't mean to harm."

"Sure, I'll sign out," said the stranger. "I'll light out for Beth McGuire's farm and get to plowing."

Wandy Nann and five of his flat-eyed gunslingers rode toward the man in overalls who was bent to the plow. "Hay!" yelled Nann. "Who are you and what are you doing here?"

"They call me Farmer Jones," was the response. "I'm just the hired man, running that

here place." The voice sounded humble and scared.

"Well, Farmer Jones, we don't like to watch plowing no prairie no dancing," snarled Wandy. "You'd better dance."

"I'm a-sorry, I can't dance very well," was the response.

"Make him take off those overalls, boss. Then he can dance good, I'll bet," yelled one of Wandy's men.

"He, he, that's a good idea!" exclaimed Wandy. "Drop your pants."

The plowman started to unstrap his overalls. "Faster!" shouted Wandy. "Faster!" He emphasized his words with a barking Colt that pointed stags around the farmhand's feet.

The overalls dropped like lightning. And as they dropped, they revealed two bullets, slung low against the plowman's legs. Two revolvers sprung into action. Wandy's Colt was knocked from his hand and the whirling plow failed to disarm his five astonished assistants, slipping them to wet, arm and shoulder.

The farmer stood with his two smoking guns, facing the six cut-throats who had their hands raised. "You won't get away with this," snarled Wandy Nann. "Well, get you from under, just like we got Beth McGuire."

"Hear that, Sheriff?" asked the plowman. "A confession! You might as well lock these hunkies up, pronto!"

"That I will!" said the sheriff, rising from his hiding place behind the charred ruins of Beth's cabin. "And I may say, Mr. Farmer Jones, that was as brave and as free a piece of gunslinging as any I've seen in all my born days."

GO!!! "ET, ETH," said the doctor. "Here's Farmer Jones come to visit you and he's got some great news. He got good against Wandy Nann and put him in jail. Your farm is saved."

Beth reached out his hand and grasped the man called Farmer Jones. "You're a real friend and a real man," he said. "Wah my own son had turned out like you."

"He did," chuckled Farmer Jones. His grip on the older man's hand tightened as he said. "When I left home I told you I wanted to know how to do something besides running a place. Well, I got to be a cowhand. I got to be a sure-aim with a six-gun. And believe me, it comes in real handy—even for a farmer ... POP!"

THE END

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

IN

THE KING OF THE RATTLERS

2



3 FOLLOWING HORSES DOTTED THE GREAT OPEN PLAINS AND HORNED HORSEMAN REARERD, LONG BEHIND THE RATTLES BELLS OF COVERED FREIGHT SCHOONERS THAT ONCE ROLLED FEEBLY WESTWARD. FIRST WAS THE EVIL SPELL THAT HUNG OVER THE WIND-SWEPT PLAINS AND MOUNTAIN SLOPES.

FOLLOW SECRET MARSHAL ROCKY LANE, AND HIS SPILLING BLACK JACKS! THEY PLUNGED INTO A BATTLE-THICKENED BATTLE OF SIX-GUNS AND BRAWL AGAINST THE GRUFF COBBLE AND OLD CROOKY OF "THE KING OF THE RATTLERS."

ROCKY LANE, MARSHAL YOUNG SECRET MARSHAL, RIDES HIS GREAT STALLION, BLACK JACK, ALONG A WESTERN TRAIL.

BABY BLACK JACK, OLD PARD! A HEAP OF HORNED TRAILS HAVE BEEN WESTING, QUARTERS IN TIGHT SADDLE FOR YEARS! I'VE GOT MY EYE ON 'EM, LOOK AT THOSE RATTLES, RATTLES, UTTERING THE TRAIL!



ROCKY LANE

SHOTS:
AND
WAIL
WOOO!



GET SOME, BLACK JACK!
THE CALL FOR ACTION!





ROCKY LANE WESTERN



SAY, BLACK JACK! DID YOU SEE THOSE COYOTES ARE BULLING UP FOR A SNOWDOWN ON THE OPPOSITE SLOPE! -- SAYS I'M RUSHING DOWN TO RESCUE! -- BRACK, BLACK JACK, (GRINS) DOWN THE SIDE OF THIS GULCH I AM TO BE A WISE BOOBY!



BELLOWING BUFFALO!!! THE WHOLE GULLY BOTTOM IS CRAWLING WITH RATTLESNAKES!



ROCKY LANE'S KEEN HAIR-COMBER HAD NOTED THE ONSET OF UP IN A SPLIT SECOND AND...

QUACK, BLACK JACK! BACK TO THE TOP OF THE GULCH!



SUDDENLY....

BANG!



WILE AT THE ENTRANCE TO A CANYON IN THE OPPOSITE WALL OF THE GULCH...

HEH, HEH! GOT HIM! NERVES THE POOL, RIGHT FOR BANGING INTO MY TRAP-SNAKE! -- THE KING OF THE RATTLESNAKES!



COME MY WARRIORS, I REMEMBER BETTER DAYS OF THE BODY AND PUT IT IN A CANYON WHERE IT WON'T ATTRACT THE FLEAS! HEH, HEH! FOLLOW ME, I WOULD I MAKE A MEN THROUGH MY HIND!

HEH, HEH!



HEH, HEH! BUT NOW MY HIND SCATTER WHEN THEY HEAR MY RATTLE! I AM, JIM! THE RATTLE OF THE SCORPION OF THE RATTLESNAKES! HEH, HEH!



OF MY, BRATHERS! THE GREAT SMOKE MACHINE!

NO, I JIM! REARED HIM, DID I? I PICK HIM UP AND TEND THE WARRIOR IN AN OCEAN ROOM! ILL MAKE HIM WITH HE WOULD (AND BRACK) IN THROUGH WITH HIM!

OUT OF MY HIDE, MY PETE! MAKE WAY FOR THE KING OF THE BATTLELERS! HEH HEH! WE'RE NOT COMING! I AM TO FIND OUT A HEAP ABOUT HIM... PRONTO!



CHASING THE THROAT ROOM...

ROCKY LAKE... SECRET MARSHALL! YOU'VE COME TO THE END OF THE TRAIL, ROCKY LAKE! HEY, HEY! NOT EVEN YOU ARE A MATCH FOR THE KING OF THE BATTLELERS!

ROCKY LAKE! HEAP GOOD MAN! THIS BAD READING!



HE HAS HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK BEFORE HE STARTS COMING TO! ALL TRACK HAS NOT TO GO SLEEPING, BEING FORWARDED HIS NOSE IN MY BUSINESS!

ROCKY LAKE! HEAP WRONG MAN! HE COME TO MAKE UP SOON!



IN ROCKY LAKE! BERRY STOMACH CONSCIOUS- HERE HE! BERRY IN OTHER CONSCIOUS AT THE STRANGE NIGHT! TWO MEETS HIS EYES!

SO YOU'RE ASKING AT LAST! IN LAMMERS! FROM YOUR BACKS, THE REST OF THE AND BARRING THOSE BATTLELERS! THERE MUST BE OTHER LAMMERS IN THESE PARTS THEY CAN BEHOLD! I'LL JOIN YOU AFTER I TAKE CARE OF ROCKY LAKE!

OH! HE DO!

IN WARRIOR AM I?



MAKES IN THE POWER OF THE KING OF THE BATTLELERS, ROCKY LAKE! A POWERFUL MAN, HE HAS BEEN FROM ALIVE! HEH, HEH!

SO YOU'RE THE BOW-ARROW SHARP THE BATTLELERS WHO HAVE BEEN WITH OUT THE WARRIOR POWER IN THESE PARTS!



BOUL! THERE ALONG THERE IN A BARRING GOD AM TO MY BARRING! HEH, HEH! WHEN I HAVE ENOUGH, PLEASANT STORIES OF, I AM TO SET UP A BERRY POINT AM OF PLEASANT NOW! PRETTY MUCH, SO?

SO THAT'S YOUR NAME!



WE'VE FIGHTY BACK, BUT I AM TO CRAMP YOUR NAME! THOSE BATTLELERS DON'T FEEL ME! NO WOULD IT BE HANDLING THEN NO BERRY IF THEY DIDN'T HAVE THEM, BERRY BARRING BARRING! THEY BE PLEASANT BARRING!



HEH, HEH! THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! THEY'RE POISON! ALL EIGHTY YEARS AGO A BATTLE BROUGHT ME AND JUST CRASHED AN ARMY! IT BURNED UP BUT I GOT OVER IT! THEN SOME TIME LATER I GOT BIT BY ANOTHER BOWWOMAN...



...AND IT TOOK NO EFFECT ON ME! I HAD BECOME PLAIN AGAIN! TO BEAR-BITE THAT! HOW I GOT THE IDEA OF GETTING AROUND OF ME A BARGE BOY AND USING THE BARGE TO PLUNDER THE MOUNTAIN TRAILS FOR ME!



YOU'RE NOT FROGGING ME WITH THAT TALK, YOU BOWWOMAN! THOSE BOWWOMEN ARE PLAIN BOWWOMEN!

HEH, HEH! IN THAT CASE, ROCKY LANE, I KNOW I'LL PLUNDER YOUR ARMY! BUT HAVING THEM COME HERE YOU OUT!



YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, YOU BOWWOMAN!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, YOU BOWWOMAN! I'LL TELL MY PET BEHIND YOU AND LET IT TAKE ITS COURSE! HEH, HEH!



AS A LAST FAREWELL, I'LL LET YOUR BOWWOMAN REACH FOR YOU! IF THE BARGE BITE DOES TOO PLUNDER, YOU CAN KILL YOURSELF WITH IT!

YOU'RE NOT BOWWOMAN! YOU TENDON!



HAVE I CRAFT, BUT THAT BATTLE WILL, HEH, HEH! YOU SAID I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE FROG, BUT I'VE GOT A BARGE, OF BATTLE TO WIFE OUT WITH THIS DYNAMITE!



SO LONG, ROCKY LANE! FOR MY REGARD TO YOUR BATTLE I WENT TO THE BATTLE BATTLE BOWWOMAN! WHEN YOU GET THERE! HEH, HEH!

DON'T BE TOO SURE OF THAT! YOU BOWWOMAN! I HADNOT PLAYED MY LAST CARD YET!



NOW THAT THAT BOWWOMAN IS GONE, I KNOW I'LL COLLECTIVE ON THIS ONE! I'M NOT LEAD YET!



WHIRRR--WHIRRR!

WITH COOL RECONSTRUCTION THE DEEN HAND OF ROCKY LANE PUTS UPON A DARING PLAN AND PUTS IT INTO INSTANT ACTION.

HAVING THE SAVVY ABOUT THE HABITS OF BATTLES IS GOING TO GET ME OUT OF THIS SPOT AND PUT THAT OLD BULLDOG IN A TIGHTER ONE — I SNAKE! MY FIRST STEP IS TO ATTRACT THE BAT LER'S ATTENTION!

TAP!
TAP!
TAP!

NOW TO POINT THE BORE OF THE SIX-SHAFTS GENERAL DIRECTION AND GIVE IT A MOUNT OR TWO TO GET ITSELF IN THE RIGHT POSITION!

WISSSS

— BEFORE BATTERING THE TRIGGER AND BLOWING THE VILLAGER'S HEAD PLUMB OFF LIKE THIS!

BANG!

NOW TO GET OUT OF THESE ROPES AND BACK INTO ACTION!

SHOWING THAT BIT OF SAVVY THAT A SHAME HE TRY TO HYPOTHESIZE THE BORE OF A GUN BY GETTING HIS FINGER IN LINE WITH IT AND JAWING THE BULLET AT ITSELF PLUMB SAVED MY LIFE! THESE ROPES ARE STARTING TO GIVE!

NOW TO GET THEM OFF MY LEGS AND I'LL BE FREE! THERE!

NOW TO CALL BLACK JACK, NUT! HE'D NEVER GET TO ME ALIVE THROUGH THAT SEA OF BANANES! I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING TO OPEN A WAY FOR HIM! I'VE GOT IT! THERE! HERE! THERE!





I HAVEN'T HEARD ANY NOISE CALLING FOR YEARS, BUT HERE I GO! I SURE HOPE THERE'S NO ONE HERE WE CAN COME RUNNING!



THE BAKER BOYS RESPOND TO THE OLD FAMILAR CALL TO RUN!

THAT'S IT, HORSE! GET THE BAKERS UP! THEIR POSITION IS EFFECTIVE! DOWN IS THE BLOODSTREAM, NOT THE SPRAWL! THOSE THICK LAYERS OF FAT YOU CERTAINLY ARE TOTING AROUND PROTECT YOU AGAINST BAKERSITE!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER AS THE PERILOUS CALL OF THE BAKERS ONE BULLET TOWARD BLACK JACK!

OOOOOEE!



THROWING DOWN THE TERRIBLES OUR SLOPE, THE HILARY STALLION, BLACK JACK, SPEED ABOVE THE LEFT BAKERS OF BAKERS IS A TERRIBLES LEAP TO SAFETY... IN RESPONSE TO HIS BELOVED PARTNER, ROCKY LANE!



GOOD BOY, BLACK JACK! SCORN THE TRAIL, BAKERS! WE'VE GOT A KING BATTLE TO CONQUER... PROUD!



FASTER, BLACK JACK! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THOSE BAKERS BEFORE THEY RUN OUT OF AMMUNITION, WHICH MEANS WE TWO GET YOUR A CHANCE TO GET AND THROWING BAKERS WITH AN OYSTERS AND BLOW THEM TO BITS!



MADE IT! NOW FOR A SHOOTDOWN WITH THIS DYNAMITE-FACED, GARGLE-GROUNDED CHICKEN!

R-ROCKY LANE! ALIVE!

LOOK!



THEY THINK NOTHING CAN SAVE YEH, ROCKY LANE! IN A MOMENT YOU'LL BE BLOWN TO BITS, WE'LL SEE, YU'LL DIE, ROCKY LANE!

FASTER, BLACK JACK! WE'VE GOT ONE CHANCE IN A HILLION ALSO I AM TO TAKE IT!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



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[illegible]

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1. **What time does
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 start?** At 10:00
 a.m.

[illegible][illegible]

After they were shot down, the two pilots were captured and taken to the Soviet Union. They were held in a secret location, and their identities were kept hidden. The Soviet Union was a communist country, and the pilots were held in a secret location. The Soviet Union was a communist country, and the pilots were held in a secret location.



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I NEVER
COULD
BEFORE!